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A Stormy Night.



DICK & FITZGERALD, Publishers,
NEW YORK.

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DICK & FITZGERALD, Publishers, 18 Ann Street, N. Y.

A STORMY NIGHT

A Comedy in One Act

By KATHARINE KAVANAUGH

Author of "A Gentle Touch," "The Wayfarers," "A Converted Suffragist," "A Bachelor's Baby," etc.

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DICK & FITZGERALD
18 ANN STREET

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A STORMY NIGHT

CHARACTERS

MRS. ROBINSON *The wife, caught in the rain*
TOM JENKINS *The stranger, who lends his umbrella*
FRANK JONES *An inquisitive neighbor*
JACK ROBINSON *The husband, who misses his train*

TIME OF PLAYING—About forty minutes.

INCIDENTAL PROPERTIES

Umbrella, tray with tea pot and two cups for MRS. ROBINSON. Umbrella for JONES. Revolver. Bell off stage.

STAGE DIRECTIONS

As seen by a performer on the stage facing the audience, R. means right hand; L. left hand; c. center of stage: c. d. door in center of rear flat. D. R. door at right, D. L. door at left. UP, means toward back of stage; DOWN, toward footlights.

A STORMY NIGHT

SCENE.—*Drawing-room in the home of the ROBINSONS.*

TIME, EVENING. *Doors R. L., and C. Window L. C. Umbrella stand near C. D. Table with drawer L.; revolver in table drawer. Small table R. C.*

ENTER C. D.—MRS. ROBINSON *carrying a wet umbrella, which she places in stand near door.*

MRS. ROBINSON. Heavens, what a night. I'm wet from head to foot. *(Takes off her hat, shakes it and puts it away)* I wasn't a block from the house when the rain came down in torrents. I don't know how I should have gotten home if a gentleman had not lent me his umbrella. Gracious, if my husband knew that I had accepted a favor from a stranger he'd be furious, but, thank the Lord, he is on his way to Boston by this time and will never know anything about it. *(Goes to window)* I wonder if that poor man is still waiting under that awning for his umbrella. I promised to return it immediately by the maid. *(Goes to D. R. and calls)* Ellen, put on your rubbers and waterproof and take this umbrella to the gentleman on the corner. Ellen, do you hear? Ellen! Good heavens, the girl has gone out. What shall I do, and that poor man getting wetter every minute.

ENTER C. D., JACK ROBINSON

ROBINSON. Good gracious, Fanny, I thought you had gone to your mother's.

MRS. ROBINSON. And I thought you had gone to Boston.

ROBINSON. My train is late, and rather than hang around the station I thought I'd run home and see that everything was locked up. But now that you are here that is unnecessary. Besides I had no umbrella, and the

rain is coming down in sheets. (*Sees umbrella in stand*)
Hello, whose umbrella is this?

MRS. ROBINSON. That? Oh, why that's mother's.

ROBINSON. Why, it's a man's umbrella.

MRS. ROBINSON. Is it? Oh, then it must be father's.

ROBINSON. Well, the old duck won't need it to-night.
I'll take it to Boston. (*Takes umbrella*) Good night,
my dear. Be sure to lock up well.

[EXIT C. D. *with umbrella*.

MRS. ROBINSON. Great Jupiter, he's taken the stranger's umbrella. Now, what on earth am I going to do. I can't go out in this downpour and calmly tell the man my husband has taken his umbrella to Boston. Besides I am wet through. If I don't have a cup of hot tea, I'll have a cold.

[EXIT D. R.

ENTER C. D. MR. JENKINS

JENKINS. Yes, this is the house. I've been watching the door for the last quarter of an hour for the return of my umbrella. When I do finally see it, it is in the hands of a rough, burly customer who pushes me out of his way and sends me tumbling into the gutter. When I told him he had my umbrella, he called me a——well, never mind what he called me. It was good and plenty. Fortunately, he left the front door unlocked, so I crept in to escape the storm, and to demand an explanation. (*Has worked over to L. of stage*)

ENTER D. R. MRS. ROBINSON, *carrying a small tray with pot of hot tea and two cups*. *She pauses at sight of* JENKINS.

MRS. ROBINSON. Good gracious, the owner of the umbrella.

JENKINS. Ah, you recognize me then?

MRS. ROBINSON (*placing the tray on small table R. C.*). Why, of course. Why shouldn't I? I was speaking to you fifteen minutes ago.

JENKINS. Ah, but then I looked like a gentleman,

perfectly dry and respectable. Now, I am wet and dragged, like a homeless dog, all because——

MRS. ROBINSON. You had the kindness to lend your umbrella to a lady.

JENKINS. To a lady. Precisely. Then please explain how it comes to be walking out your front door in the hands of an ugly scoundrel?

MRS. ROBINSON. The umbrella was walking?

JENKINS. No, madam, the ugly scoundrel was walking.

MRS. ROBINSON. How dare you call my——him a scoundrel?

JENKINS. He is seven different shades of a scoundrel, and then some. He pushed me into the gutter and called me a——well, never mind what he called me.

MRS. ROBINSON. My dear sir, you are mistaken. Your umbrella is in the kitchen, drying. I intended to return it to you as soon as my maid came back. In the meantime, let me offer you a cup of hot tea. Come, it will take the chill out of you, and your clothes will have a chance to dry.

JENKINS. They feel as if they'd never dry again. But I would enjoy a cup of tea. (*Puts his hat on table L. Just as they are about to sit at the table, the door bell rings. They are both startled*)

MRS. ROBINSON. Gracious. May be it's my husband.

JENKINS (*alarmed*). Your husband?

MRS. ROBINSON. Yes. What shall we do. He mustn't see you here. He's dreadfully jealous.

JENKINS. How big is he?

MRS. ROBINSON. Oh, three times your size.

JENKINS. Hide me. Please hide me.

MRS. ROBINSON (*crosses and throws open D. L.*). Here, quick. Not a word out of you. He'll kill you if he discovers you.

JENKINS (*going through D. L.*). Oh, why did I lend my umbrella? (*Bell rings again*)

MRS. ROBINSON. That's funny. He must have lost his key. (*Goes to C. D. and opens it*)

ENTER C. D. JONES, carrying an umbrella.

JONES. Good evening, Mrs. Robinson. My wife sent me over to ask if you wouldn't join us in a game of euchre. She thought your husband was away and that you'd be lonely this miserable evening. (*Lays his hat on table next to JENKINS' hat*)

MRS. ROBINSON. That was very kind of Mrs. Jones, I'm sure, but I was just thinking of going to bed when the bell rang. For a moment I thought it was my husband back again.

JONES (*looks at the tray with two cups of tea on it*). Oh, I see, you have company.

MRS. ROBINSON. Company? Oh, dear, no, not a soul.

JONES. Oh, pardon me, I saw the two cups.

MRS. ROBINSON. Oh, I always drink my tea that way. Have you never heard that you must never drink the second cup of tea out of the same cup?

JONES. Why, no, I can't say that I have.

MRS. ROBINSON. That shows that you are not a tea drinker. Every one knows that.

JONES. Really. (*Absently picks up JENKINS' hat, keeps it in his hand, and starts to go*) I must tell my wife about that. She'll be sorry you are not coming over. Good night. [EXIT C. D. *with JENKINS' hat in hand*.

MRS. ROBINSON (*speaking at closed door*). Yes, tell your wife. She'll be surprised to hear it. (*Going back to tea table*) The old busybody. Of course he had to notice the two cups. (*Pause*) Oh, bless my soul, I forgot about the owner of the umbrella. (CROSSES to D. L. *and opens door*) You can come out. It wasn't my husband.

ENTER D. L. JENKINS, *still frightened*.

JENKINS. It was a man. I heard his voice.

MRS. ROBINSON (*goes to table and pours tea*). Yes. If my husband ever hears of all the company I've had this evening, he'll be ready to kill somebody. (*Hands him cup of tea*)

JENKINS (*puts cup down*). I don't think I want any tea. I'll just take my umbrella and go home.

MRS. ROBINSON. Nonsense. You must have a cup

of tea. Suppose you caught a cold and it developed into tuberculosis, and you should die. How should I feel?

JENKINS. How should you feel? How should *I* feel! Pardon me, but you are not in a cheerful frame of mind this evening, Mrs.—er—pardon me, but I don't think I know your name.

MRS. ROBINSON. It is better that we should remain strangers. If my husband should suddenly return and find you here, there might be a divorce case. You would be called as a witness. Who knows? Perhaps he would name you as the co-respondent. Mr. Jones, my next door neighbor, who was just here, saw the two cups of tea. I could see that he suspected me. If you knew my name or I yours, my husband would force us to incriminate each other. Since we don't know, we can't tell.

JENKINS. Pardon me, but you seem to have thought this all out beforehand.

MRS. ROBINSON. Oh, my dear sir, you have never had a jealous husband.

JENKINS. No, that's so. I haven't.

MRS. ROBINSON (*sipping her tea*). But you might some day.

JENKINS. No, I think I can safely say, I never shall.

MRS. ROBINSON. My husband is fiendishly jealous. I believe he would commit murder without the slightest hesitation.

JENKINS (*putting down his cup*). Excuse me, I think I shall go home. (*There is the sound of a key in the lock of the c. d.*)

MRS. ROBINSON. Good heavens. He has returned.

JENKINS (*frightened*). Who?

MRS. ROBINSON (*rising*). My husband.

JENKINS (*going from one side of stage to the other.*) Oh dear, what shall I do? Where shall I go? (*Takes JONES' hat from table, and starts to D. L.*)

MRS. ROBINSON (*at door D. R.*) No, no, not there. Go into the kitchen, down into the cellar, and out the cellar window.

JENKINS (*going to D. R.*). Wh—where is the cellar?

A Stormy Night

MRS. ROBINSON. Under the house—where did you expect it to be. Go, quickly.

[EXIT D. R. JENKINS with Jones' hat.]

ENTER C. D. ROBINSON, with umbrella.

ROBINSON. I'm back again.

MRS. ROBINSON. So I observe. You are behaving like a Jack-in-the-box to-night.

ROBINSON (*puts umbrella in stand, and his hat on table*). Jack in the box? What do you mean?

MRS. ROBINSON. First you pop out and then you pop in again—out and in again.

ROBINSON. I suppose I can pop if I like. There was a wreck on the road that has delayed my train indefinitely. Would you have me stand waiting at the church—I mean the railroad station all night?

MRS. ROBINSON. Now please curb your temper.

ROBINSON. My temper! Huh! It seems to me, madam, you are not over pleased to have me at home.

MRS. ROBINSON. If you will only remain in one place long enough for me to be sure that you are there, I shall be satisfied. Are you going to stay this time?

ROBINSON. Yes, madam, I'm going to plant myself right in this house. Things are beginning to look a little suspicious.

MRS. ROBINSON. There you go, with your stupid jealousy. (*Door bell rings*)

ROBINSON. Ah—hah! A caller, on a night like this. I'm beginning to smell a rat. (*Goes quickly and opens c. d.*)

ENTER C. D. JONES, with JENKINS' hat

JONES. Oh, good evening, Mr. Robinson. I thought you were out of town. Mrs. Robinson, I'm sorry to trouble you, but I took someone else's hat when I was here a few minutes ago. (*Puts it on table and takes ROBINSON's hat in his hand*) Must have been yours, Mr. Robinson. (*Going to c. d.*) Well, good night, sorry to have troubled you. [EXIT C. D.]

ROBINSON. Must have been mine, eh? (*Picks up*

JENKINS' hat) I never wore a dip like that in my life. By George, that jackass has gone off with my hat this time, sure enough. Well, I guess he'll bring it back when he finds his mistake. Well, Mrs. Robinson, why don't you say something. It strikes me that an explanation is due from somebody. Why don't you speak?

MRS. ROBINSON. You don't give anyone a chance but yourself.

ROBINSON. I'll give you a chance now. Who does this hat belong to?

MRS. ROBINSON. The gas man.

ROBINSON. W-h-a-t?

MRS. ROBINSON. You heard what I said.

ROBINSON. The gas man? *The gas man!* And you expect me to believe that?

MRS. ROBINSON. I don't expect you to believe anything.

ROBINSON. Why not the ice man, the milk man, the paper man? When you had so much to choose from, why did you select so light an explanation? The gas man! Huh!

MRS. ROBINSON. You needn't believe it, if it doesn't agree with you.

ROBINSON. How did he come to go away without his hat? And come to think of it, what was Jones doing over here in my absence?

MRS. ROBINSON. He came to borrow a custard pie.

ROBINSON. I don't believe you.

MRS. ROBINSON. Very well then. I'll have to tell you another one.

ROBINSON. You are trying to be funny at my expense, but it won't work, my lady. You can't hoodwink me. There is a man's hat that needs explanation. By George, I believe that umbrella needs an explanation. (*Takes umbrella and examines it*) Ah, initials. T. J. Your father's name is William.

MRS. ROBINSON. I can't help that. He was christened before I was born.

ROBINSON. Don't answer me if you can't say something sensible.

JENKINS (*off stage R. calls in a muffled voice*). Help, Oh, h-e-l-p! (MR. and MRS. ROBINSON *pause and listen*)

ROBINSON. What was that? Hist! Listen!

JENKINS (*off stage, still muffled*). H-e-l-p.

ROBINSON. Must be a burglar.

MRS. ROBINSON. A burglar calling for help?

ROBINSON. Ah. I see it all. That is the owner of the hat and the umbrella.

JENKINS (*still off stage, but closer*). O-h-h. (*He sneezes*)

ROBINSON. The rascal has a cold.

MRS. ROBINSON. He probably fell into the coal bin. I'll go see.

ROBINSON. Stay where you are. I see your scheme. You would go to his rescue, and help him escape. Come. (*Takes her by the arm and forces her through D. L.*) I'll meet this villain, single-handed and alone.

MRS. ROBINSON. Handle him gently, for my sake.

[EXIT D. L. *closing door*.]

ENTER JENKINS D. R. *He is black with coal dust, frightened, and generally miserable. He shakes with fear as he listens to ROBINSON.*

ROBINSON (*not seeing JENKINS*). Handle him gently! I'll kill him, I'll pulverize him. (*Opens drawer of table, takes out revolver*) I'll have his heart's blood.

JENKINS (*shivering with fear*). He means me. He means me. (*Sneaks towards C. D.*)

ROBINSON (*turns and sees JENKINS*). Halt! (JENKINS *halts*) Say your prayers.

JENKINS. Please, sir, I don't know 'em.

ROBINSON. Can't you say "Now I lay me down to sleep"?

JENKINS. Yes, sir.

ROBINSON. Well, say it.

JENKINS (*haltingly*). N-Now I lay me down to s-sleep, —to sleep—to—

ROBINSON. Well, don't go to sleep.

JENKINS. That's all I know.

ROBINSON. Have you anything to say before I send you into eternity?

JENKINS. Y-yes, sir.

ROBINSON. Say it.

JENKINS. I want my umbrella.

ROBINSON. It won't be raining where you're going.

JENKINS. Well, I'd like to have my hat.

ENTER C. D. JONES

JONES. I beg pardon, has anybody seen my hat? (*Sees the situation, turns, and is about to exit*) Oh, excuse me—I'm intruding.

ROBINSON. Stay where you are, Jones. (*Points revolver at him.*)

JONES. Oh, well, if you insist.

ROBINSON. You two know each other?

JENKINS and JONES (*in one voice*). I never saw him before in my life.

ROBINSON. You were both here this evening.

JONES. My wife sent me over to——

ROBINSON. Borrow a custard pie.

JONES. No, to invite your wife to our house.

ROBINSON. Did you see this fellow?

JONES. No, I only saw two cups of tea.

ROBINSON. Ah-hah. I understand. (*To JENKINS*) What have you to say, sir?

JENKINS. I want to go home. (*Sneezes*) I've caught a cold. I shall get the tuberculosis and die, just as she said I would.

ROBINSON. She—what she?

JENKINS. The lady who borrowed my umbrella. She gave me a cup of tea to keep me from getting cold but you came before I could drink it.

ROBINSON. What's the lady's name?

JENKINS. I don't know. I never saw her before in my life. All I want is my umbrella and my hat. You had my umbrella when you pushed me into the gutter and called me a——well, never mind what you called me.

ROBINSON. So you're the shrimp that got in my way. I recognize you now. (*Goes to D. L. and throws it open*) Fanny, is this your gas man?

ENTER D. L. MRS. ROBINSON

MRS. ROBINSON. No, he looks like a soft coal man. If you want the truth, he is a perfect stranger who lent me his umbrella in the rain. He came to call for it and while offering him a cup of tea I told him what an unreasonable, jealous, disagreeable husband I had—

ROBINSON. Are you alluding to me?

MRS. ROBINSON. —so when he heard you coming, he tried to get out the cellar way.

JENKINS. And now, give me my hat and umbrella.

ROBINSON. For the love of Mike, give him his hat.

JONES. This must be his. He's got mine. (*They exchange hats*)

JENKINS (*puts ROBINSON's hat on his head. It is several sizes too large*). This isn't mine.

ROBINSON. That's mine. (*Takes it*) This must be yours. (*Gives him his own hat. JENKINS puts it on*) Does it fit?

JENKINS. Yes, it's mine.

ROBINSON. Then, for heaven's sake, take it and go.

JENKINS. I want my umbrella.

ROBINSON. What's your name?

JENKINS. Tom Jenkins.

ROBINSON (*looks at initials on umbrella*). T. J. It's yours.

JENKINS. Good evening. I sincerely hope we shall never meet again.

ROBINSON. Ditto.

[EXIT C. D. JENKINS, *holding tight his umbrella*.]

JONES. Pardon me, I think I'll go.

MRS. ROBINSON. Will you have a cup of tea, Mr. Jones?

JONES. No, thanks. I never drink it that way. Good night. [EXIT C. D.]

ROBINSON. Fanny, did you mean all those things you called me a few minutes ago?

MRS. ROBINSON (*going to him. He puts his arm around her*). Of course I didn't. I only meant half. Let's have a cup of tea. (*Stroll to tea table, his arm around her, as curtain falls*)

CURTAIN

MILITARY PLAYS

25 CENTS EACH

	M.	F.
BY THE ENEMY'S HAND. 4 Acts; 2 hours.....	10	4
EDWARDS, THE SPY. 5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	10	4
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CAPTAIN DICK. 3 Acts; 1½ hours.....	9	6
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LITTLE SAVAGE. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting.....	4	4
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BETWEEN TWO FIRES. (15 cents.) 3 Acts; 2 hours	8	3

RURAL PLAYS

25 CENTS EACH

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GREAT WINTERSON MINE. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	4
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LETTER FROM HOME. (15 cents.) 1 Act; 25 minutes	1	1

ENTERTAINMENTS

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AUNT DINAH'S QUILTING PARTY. 1 Scene.....	5	11
BACHELOR MAIDS' REUNION. 1 Scene.....	2	30
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JAPANESE WEDDING. 1 Scene; 1 hour.....	3	10
MATRIMONIAL EXCHANGE. 2 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	9
OLD PLANTATION NIGHT. 1 Scene; 1¼ hours.....	4	4
YE VILLAGE SKEWL OF LONG AGO. 1 Scene.	13	12
FAMILIAR FACES OF A FUNNY FAMILY.....	8	11
JOLLY BACHELORS. Motion Song or Recitation.....	11	
CHRISTMAS MEDLEY. 30 minutes.....	15	14
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BUNCH OF ROSES. (15 cents.) 1 Act; 1½ hours.....	1	13
OVER THE GARDEN WALL. (15 cents.).....	11	8

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COMEDIES A

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BREAKING HIS BONDS. 4 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	3
BUTTERNUT'S BRIDE. 3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	11	6
COLLEGE CHUMS. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting.....	9	3
COUNT OF NO ACCOUNT. 3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	9	4
DEACON. 5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	8	6
DELEGATES FROM DENVER. 2 Acts; 45 minutes.....	3	10
DOCTOR BY COURTESY. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	5
EASTSIDERS, The. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting.....	8	4
ESCAPED FROM THE LAW. 5 Acts; 2 hours.....	7	4
GIRL FROM PORTO RICO. 3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	5	3
GYPSY QUEEN. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	5	3
IN THE ABSENCE OF SUSAN. 3 Acts; 1½ hours.....	4	6
JAIL BIRD. 5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	6	3
JOSIAH'S COURTSHIP. 4 Acts; 2 hours.....	7	4
MY LADY DARRELL. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	9	6
MY UNCLE FROM INDIA. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	13	4
NEXT DOOR. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	5	4
PHYLLIS'S INHERITANCE. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	9
REGULAR FLIRT. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	4	4
ROGUE'S LUCK. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	5	3
SQUIRE'S STRATAGEM. 5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	6	4
STEEL KING. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	5	3
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CRAWFORD'S CLAIM. (15 cents.) 3 Acts; 2¼ hours.	9	3

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